The earth was filled with g adness, The air was flit d with wong. And I thought that but love and bendy Con dinsples me all day long

I dreams a creat a at the mountide, When had of the ner was post; The first half I knew was burren, But glorious I'd make the last; But the word lay part in the shadow, The congs were not half so sweat. And love and beauty were fleeting Like shotons i cheath my feet.

I d comt a drawn of the even, When the day its essures had sun, And my heart grew and within me To think how little Published But I said: "I shall work ! - morrow And make my name is known. Tall the nations of cart's shall wonder, As my might's power they own?"

But also I and slat I time passes, The sun rises, shines and ect-Each morning so full of promises, Each even so full of regrets ! And day follows day mere fleetly, Walle ambition and glory rave, Till, at last, outworn and aimless, I shall aink to a nameless grave.

# Mathias Sandorf

#### JULES VERNE

AUTHOR OF "JOURNEY TO THE CENTRE OF THE HARTH." "TRIP TO THE MOON," 'ABOUND THE WORLD IN EBSHTY "MEMARE STROGOFF TWENTY THOUSAND LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA." EDG. UDG.

[TRANSLATION COPYRIGHTED, 1885.]

CHAPTER L

THE CARRIER PRICON.

Trieste, the capital of Hiyria, consists of two towns of widely dissimiliar aspect. One of them-Theresionstadt is modern and well-to-do, and squarely built along the shore of the bay from which the land is occupied has been reeldmed; the other as old and poor and irregular, stranging from the Corso, up the slopes of the Borst, whose summit is crowded by the picture-que citadel.

The harbor is guarded by the mole of

San Carlo, with the merchant shipping berthed along sale. On this mole there may at most times be seen and very often in somewhat disque ting numbers and homeless. Robenium whose clothes might well be destitute of poakets, considering that their owners never had, and to all appearance never, will have the wherewithal to put into them.

To-day, however-it is the 18th of May, 1867-two personages slightly the Char ber of Commerce ! better dressed than the rest are noticesable among the crowd. That they have ever enflored from a superabanelance of floring or breutzers a implorable, unless some Inciry chance has fasored themand they certainly look as though they they go we are equally ignorant. Among would stick at nothing that might in-duce that chance to come.

One of them calls himself Sarosny, and says he imils from Tripoli. The other is a Siedian Zirone by name. Together they have strolled up and down the mole at least a dozen times, ing in vain to clear them away. and now they have inited at its farthest

What time is 157" miked Zirone in Italian, which his commis spoke as he did all the other tongues of the

Sarcany made no reply.

What a fool I am ! exclaimed the hungry after you have had no trenk-

There is such a mixture of meca in this part of Austria-Hungary that the presence of these two men, although place, provoked no attention: And besides, if their packets were empty, no one had reason to think so, thanks to their long brown capes, which reached even to their hoose.

Sarcany, the youngest of the two. was about live and twenty, and of middle height, well set up, and of elegant manuers and a klasss. Sarcany, however, was not his bayet simal name, and probably he had never been bantized, being of Tri- it as or Tunisian erigin; but though his complexion was very dark his remain features proclaimed him to be more of the white than the negro.

of ever physicanomy was deceptive. if was so in Sarcony's case. It required a singularly keen observer to discover his consummate actuteness in that handsome, plausible free, with its large dark eyes, time straight nose, and well-ent mouth haded by the slight moustache. That almost impassible face betrayed none of the signs of contempt and harred engendered by a constant state of revolt against society. If, as physiognomists pretend-and they are not unfrequently right every passal bears witness against himself in spite of all his eleverness. Sarcany could give the assertation the lie direct. To look at him one would suspect what he was and what he had been. He provoked none of that irresistrable averson we feel towards cheate and scoundrels; and, in consequence, he was all the more

Where had Sareauy spent his childhood? No one knew. How had he been brought up and by whom? In what corner of Tripoli had he nestled during his early years? To what protection did he owe his escape from the many chances of destruction in that terrible climate? No one could saymaybe not even himself; born by chance, helped on by chance, destined to five by chance! Nevertheless, during his boyhood he had cloked up a certain amount of practical instruction, thanks to his having to knock about the world. mixing with people of all kinds, trusting to expedient after expedient to sure his daily bread. It was owing to this and other circumstances that he had come to have business relations with one of the richest houses in Trieste, tirat of the banker, Silas Toroctical, whose name is intimately connected

with the development of this history. Sarcany's companion, the Italian, Zirone, was a man faithless and lawless -a thorough-paced adventurer, ever ready at the call of him who could pay him well, until he met with him who

could pay him better, to undertake any task whatever. Of Sicilian birth and ir his thirtieth year, he was capable of suggesting a villainy as of carrying it into effect. He might have told people where he had been born had he known but he never willingly said where he lived or if he lived anywhere. It was it Sicily that the chances of Bohemien life had made him acquainted with Sareany. And henceforth they had gone through the world, frying per fas et nefas to make a living by their wits. Zirone was 1 large, bearded man, brown in complexion and black of hair, taking much pains to hide the look of the secondrel which would persist in revealing itself in spite of all his efforts. In vain he tried to commal his real character beneath his exuberant volubility, and, being of rather a cheerful temperament, he was just as talkative about himself as

his younger companion was reserved. To day, however, Zirone was very moderate in what he had to say. He was obviously anxious about his dinner. The night before formue had been ankind to them at the gaming table, and the resources of Sarcany had been exhausted. What they were to do next neither knew. They could only recken on chance, and as that Providence of the Benners did not seek them out on the mole of San Carlo, they decided to go in carch of it along the streets of the new town: There, up and down the squares,

he harb it incling to the grand canal which runs through Trieste, there goes, comes, throngs, hastens and tears along in the fury of business a population of some 70,000 inhabitants of Italian origin, whose mother tourue is lost in a cosmopolitan concert of all the sailors, traders, workmen and officials, who shout and chatter in Unglish, German, French or Seleve. Although this new town is rich, it by no means follows that all who trend its streets are fortunate. No! Even the wealthiest could hardly compute with the foreign merchants-English, Armenian, Greeks and Jews-who lord it at Trieste, and whose sumptuous establishments would do no discredit to where he the goods of all descriptions cathedral. attracted to this free port, so happily Adriatie! How many there are, break- cape around his waist, fastless and dinnerless, leitering on the quiga where the vessels of the wealthiest shipping firm of the Comment the Austrha. Lloy is are unloading the treasures brought from every part of the such as are found in London, Liverpool, Maradics offices, Antwerp and Leghorn, who elbow the epulent shipowners, throngangaround the warshouses, where admittance is forbidden them, around the Evenuego, whose doors will never has planted his office and countinghouse and lives in perfect accord with

It is admitted that in all the great maritime towns of the old and new world there exists a class of union mater peculiar to these important cen res. whence they come we know bot , whither them the number of unclassed is con-siderable. Many of them are foreigners. The railroads and the steamers have thrown them in as it were, on to a dust-heap, and there they lie crowding the thoroughfares, with the police striv-

and now they have insited at its farthest end and are gazing away to the horizon. Icok nerses the guilf to the lighthouse on to the west of the Coll of Tree to, as if they happed to sight the ship which is between the Tentro Communale and the square, and reached the Pazza Grande, sance, vitrified cubes with traces of Sareany and Zirone, after a farewell where they talked for a quarter of an hour in front of the fountain which is built of the stone from the neighboring grass. Karst Hill, and stands by the statue to

Charles VI. Then they turned to the left and Sicilian. "It is the time you are came back. To tell the trath, Zirone eved the passers by as if he had an irretable desire to feed on them. Then v turned towards the large square of this is just the place!" I resteam, just as the hour struck to

"There it is, empty-like we are !"

without any wish to limph. But the indifferent Sarcany seemed to

take not the slightest notice of his companion's mistimed pleasantry as he indulged in a hungry yawn. Then they crossed the triangle past the bronze statue of the Emperor Lea-

pold I. A shrill whistle from Zirone quite a street boy's whistic-put to flight the flock of blue pigeons that were cooling on the portion of the old Exchange, like the gray pigeons in the ground.

divides new from out Trieste. A wide street destitute of elegance, with well patronized shops destitute of taste, and more like the Regent street of London or the Breadway of New York than the coming. Boulevard des Italiens of Paris. In the street a great number of people, but of ing the town's Italian origin.

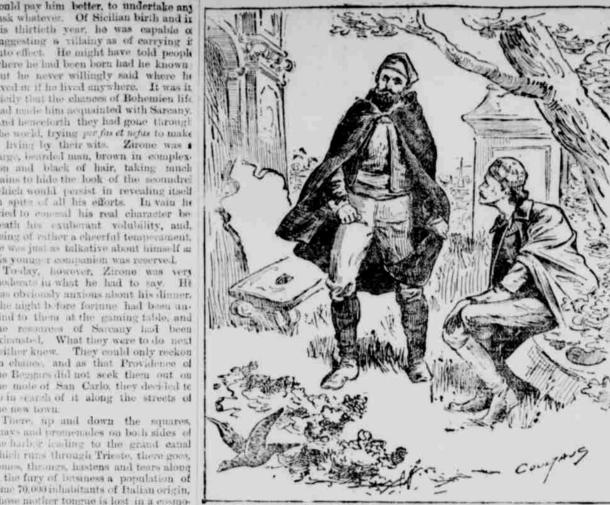
Sarcany appeared insensible to all shops could not help giving an envious glance into those he had not the means that looked inviting, particularly in the away. provision shops and chiefly in the Diereries," where the beer flows more looks lost in vacancy, never moved. freely than in any other town in Austria-

"There is rather more hunger and thirst about in this Corso," said the Sicilian, whose tongue rattled against his parched lips with the chek of a cas-

Sarcany's only reply to this observa-

tion was a shrug of the shoulders. They then took the first turning to the left, and reached the bank of the canal near the Ponto Rosso -a swing bridge. This they crossed and went along the quays, where vessels of light draught were busy unloading. Here the shops and stalls looked much less tempting. When he reached the church of San Antonio, Sareany turned sharply to the right. His companion followed him in silence. Then they went back along the Corso and crossed the old town whose narrow streets, impracticable for vehicles as they begin to climb the slopes of the Karst, are so laid out as to prevent their being entiladed by that terrible wind, the bora, which blows joily from the northeast. In this old town of Trieste, Zirone and Sarcany, the moneyless, found themselves more at home than among the richer quarters

of the new. It was, in fact, in the basement of a



modest hotel not far from the church of over him, and by threatening him Santa Maria Maggiore that they had

Arco di Riccardo. The study of Roman architecture did the capital of Austria-Hampary. But, not prove very satisfying, and as noths doubtful things. Several of those failbeyond these, how many are the poorer ingland farmed up in the almost deserted folks wandering from morning to night streets, they began the ascent of the have had their effect in Trieste, and Silas one the busy streets, bordered with rough footpaths leading almost to the Toronthal seemed rather upset when I long buildings closed like strong rooms, top of the Karst, to the terrace of the

"Carious idea to elimd up here!"

But he did not abandon his voone line of steps, called by courtesy roads, which led up the slopes of the Karst. Ten minutes afterwards, hungrier and world! How many outcasts there are, thirstier than ever, they reached the

From this elevated spot there is a magnificant view extending across the Gulf of Trieste to the open seas, including the port with its fishing boats passing and repassing, and its steamers and trading shire outward and homeward bound, and the whole of the town with rather see you out of Trieste. its suburbs and farthest bouses clustering along the hills. The view had no charm for them! They were thinking of something very different, of the many times they had come here already to ponder on their misery! Zirone would slopes of the Corso. Perhaps the luck might reach them here which they were so impatiently waiting for !

At the end of the stops leading on to o terrace near the Byzantine Cathedral of Saint Just there was an enclosure, formerly a cometary and now a museum of antiquities. There were no tombs, but odds and ends of sepulcharal stones cinders, all thrown anyhow among the

Sareany had only to push it. He entered, followed by Zirone, who contented himself with this melancholy

If we wanted to committ suicide

"And if some one proposes if F asked

Sarcany ironically. I should decline, my triend! Give

said the Siellian with a laugh, but me one happy day in ten and I ask no It shall be given you-and some-

"May all the saints of Italy hear you,

and Heaven knows they are counted in Come along !" said Sarcany.

They went along a semicircular path between a double range of uous and sat themselves down on a large Roman rose window which had fallen that on the

At first they remained silent. This Then they reached the Corso which suited Sarcany, but it did not suit his companion. And after one or two halfstiffed vawns Zirone broke out with-This something that we have been

fools enough to wait for is a long time

Sarcany made no reply. "What an idea," continued Zirone, vehicles only a few, and these going be- "to come and look for it among these tween the Piazza Grande and the Piazza ruins! I am afraid we are on the della Lerma names sufficiently imbeat- wrong track, my friend. What are we likely to find in this old graveyard? The spirits do not want it when they temptation, but Zirone as he passed the have left their mertal carcasses behind them. When I join them I shall not worry about a dinner that is late or a to enter. And there was much there support hat never comes! Let us get

> Sarcany, deep in thought, with his Zirone waited a few moments without

> saying anything. Then this habitual loquacity urged him to say : "Sarcany," he said. "do you know in what form I should like this something to appear? In the form of one of those eashier people from Toronthal's with a pocketbook stuffed full of bank notes which he could hand over to us on behalf of the said banker with a thousand apologies for keeping as waiting so

> "Listen, Zirone," answered Sareany, knitting his brows; " for the last time I tell you that there is nothing to be hoped for from Silas Toronthal,

> 'Are you sure of that?" "Yes, all the credit I have with him is exhausted, and to my last demands he gave me a definite refusal."

"That is bad."

Very bad, but it is so." "Good, if your credit is exhausted." continued Zirone, "it is because you have had the credit! And to what is that due? To your having many times placed your intelligence and zeal at the service of his firm in certain matters of deliency. Now, during the first months of our stay in Trieste, Toronthal did not show himself too stingy in money matters. But it is impossible that there is

Capital. But as the handlord, who results should be shou from day to day, they sheered off from and shall have, and when that day comes cident this dangerous shoul, crossed the square he shall pay me capital and compound and loitered for a few minutes near the interest for what he has refused me today! I fancy his business is under a you can for the messenger.

cloud, and that he is mixed up in several. The pigeon was more e ures in Germany, at Berlin and Munich mov him last. Let the water get troubled, and when it is troubled-

"Quite so," exclaimed Zirone; "but placed at the furthest corner of the muttered Zirone, as he tightened his meanwhile we have only water to drink! Look here, Sareany, I thruk you might try one more shot at Torontial! You companion, and away he went along the might tap has each box ones more, and get enough out of it to pay our passage to Sicily by way of Malta."

"And what should we do in Sieily?" "That is my business. I know the country, and I can introduce you to a journey few Martese, who are a very tough lot, and with them we might do something. If there is nothing to be done here we might as well clear out and let this wretched banker pay the cost. If you know anything about him he would

Sarcany shook his head. "You will see it cannot last much comple of minutes or so," longer. We have come to the end now,"

added Zirone. He rose and stamped on the ground with his foot, as if it were a stepmother have preferred a stroll along the rich unwilling to help him. At the instant he did so he caught sight of a pageon feeldy fluttering down just outside the could hardly move as slowly it sank to the ground.

Zirone, without asking himself to which of the 177 species of pigeous now known to ornithological necoenclature. the bird belonged, saw only one thingthat the species it belonged to was edi-

enthedral. Not being able to reach it, it had dropped on to the roof of the small niche winch gave shelter to the statue of St. Just : but its feeble feet could not support it there; sail it had slipped on to the capital of a ruined column.

Sarcany, silent and still, hardly followed the pigeou in its flight, but Zi- peninsula. rone never lost sight of it. The bird came from the north. A long journey had reduced it to this state of exhaustion. Evidently it was bound for some more distant spot for it immeliately started to fly again, and the trajectory curve it traced in the air compelled it to make a fresh halt on one of the lower branches of the trees in the old ceme- was or on. They entered and began to

Zirone resolved to entel it, and quietly ran off to the tree. He soon reached the gnarlett trank, climbed up it to the fork, and there waited motionless and mute like a dog pointing at the game perched above his head.

The pigeon did not see him and made another start; but its strength again failed it, and a few races from the tree it fell into the grass

To jump to the gound stretch out his hands and sieze the bird was the work of an instant for the Sicilian. And quite naturally he was about to wring its neek, when he stopped, gave a shout of surprise, and ran back to Sarcany. "A carrier pigeon " he said.

"Well, it is a carrier that has done its carrying, replied Sarcany. Perhaps so," said Zirone, "and all the worse for those who are waiting for

the message." "A message!" exclaimed Samany, "Wait, Zirone wait! Give him a re-

And he stopped his companion, who had again caught hold of the neck. Then he took the tiny packet, opened it

and drew forth a craptogram. The message contained only eighteen words, arranged in three vertical columns, and this is what it said . wards the northwest. ihnalz

men rmopn tryres mterest estley eemart nonevg home which he would have reached an erssur ouitse hour before had it not been for his she said. "We should love everyeedgno toeedt artuce compulsory halt among the trees of the one."

#### CHAPTER IL

armuro

speadr

THE PIGEON'S HOME.

There was nothing to show whence the message came or whither it was being sent. Only these eighteen words, each composed of an equal number of letters. Could they be made into sense Zirone, whose sight was of the keenest. without the key? It was not very likely, at least unless it was by some very clever decipherer! And yet the the exact spot." eryptogram could not be indecipher-

if it fell into other hands than those for been the work of Quentin Matsys-if

whom it was intended. To make use of Trieste had been in Flanders. neither the post nor the telegraph, but the extraordinary means of the carrier pig-on, showed that it must be some curious affair that it was desired to keep quite secret.

"Perhaps," said Sarcany, "there lies in these lines a mystery that will make our fortune."

'And then," answered Zirone, "This pigeon will represent the luck we have been running after all the morning. And I was going to strangle it! After all it is important to keep the message, a eastern quarter of the city. and we can cook the messenger."

"Not so fast, Zirone," interrupted Sarcany, who again saved the bird's life. "Perhaps the pigeon may tell us whither it was bound, providing, of course, that the person who ought to have the message lives in Trieste." "And then? That will not tell you

how to read the message, Sarcany." "No. Zirone." "Nor to know where it came from."

"Exactly. But of two correspondents I shall know one, and that may tell me how I am to find the other. So, instead of killing this bird, we will feed it and recruit its strength and help it to reach its destination."
"With the letter?" asked Zirone.

"With the letter-of which I am going to make an exact copy; and that I shall keep until the time comes to use

And Sareany took a notebook from his pocket, and in pencil he made a careful fac-simile of the message. Knowing that in most cryptograms it was important not to alter in the least the form and arrangement, he took great care to keep the words in exactly the same order and position and at the same distances as in the document. Then he put "Who was to be done has already the fac-simile in his pocket, the message lodged since their arrival in the Hlyrian been done, replied Saremy, with a in its case, and the case in its place

Zirone looked on. He did not share ns to this little bill, which grew larger no hold over him now; but I may have the hopes of fortune founded on this in- Zirone, to whom the name meant

"And now?" he asked. "Now." answered Sarcany. "do what swered Sarcany.

The pigeon was more exhausted by bunger than fatigue. Its wings were intact without strain or breakage, and showed that his temporary weakness was due neither to a shot from a sportsman nor a stone from a street boy.

hungry-it was thirsty; that was all. Zirone looked around and found on the ground a few grains of corn which swered Sarcany. the bird ate greedily. Then he quenched his thirst with a few drops of water which the last shower had left in a Zathmar!" piece of ancient pottery. So well did he do his work that in half an hour the pigeon was refreshed and restored and quite able to resume his interrupted

"If it is going far," said Sarcany, "if its destination is beyond Trieste, it does them! A letter had arrived, addressed not matter to us if it fails on the way, for we shall have lost sight of it, and it will be impossible for us to follow it. But if it is going to one of the houses in Trieste, its strength is sufficient to take it there, for it will only have to fly for a

"Right you are," replied the Sicilian; "but how are we to see where it drops, even if it is in Trieste?"

"We can manage that, I think," answered Sarcany. And this is what they

The cathedral consists of two old Rosure. The pigeon's tired wings man churches, one dedicated to the handly move as slowly it sank to Virgin, one to St. Just, the patron saint of Trieste, and it is flanked by a very high tower which rises from the angle of the front, pierced with a large rose window, beneath which is the chief door. This tower commands a view over the plateau of Karst Hill, and over the whole city, which lies spread as on a map The bird was existently exhausted. It below. From this lofty standpoint they more of the could see down on the roofs of all the the earlier slopes of the hill away to the shore of the gulf. It was therefore not impossible to follow the pageon in its flight and recognize the house on which it found refuge, provided it was not bound for some other city of the Illyrian

> The attempt might succeed. It was at least worth trying. They only had to set the burd at liberty.

Savenny 11 Z rono left the old cemethe open space by the ad walked towards the tower. One of the oggval doors the one under the dripstone beneath St. Just's nicheuses the stairs which led to the roof.

It took them two or three minutes to teach the top. They stood just underneath the roof, and there was no balcoay. But there were two windows opening out on each side of the tower, and giving a view to each point of the double horizon of hills and son.

Sarcany and Zirone posted themselves at the windows which looked out over Trieste towards the northwest.

The clock in the old sixteenth century eastle on the top of the Karst behind the cathedral struck four. It was still broad daylight. The air was slear and the san shown brightly on the waters of the Adriatic and most of the houses received the light with their fronts facing the tower. Thus far circumstances were favorable.

Sarcany took the pigeon in his hards, he stroked it, spoke to it, gave it a last careas and threw it free.

The bird flapped its wings, but at first dropped so quickly that it looked as though it was going to finish its career of aerial messenger by a cruel fall. The excitable Sicilian could not re

"No! It rises!" said Sarvany. And the pigeon had found its coullibrium in the denser lower air ; and then making a sudden curve it flew off to-

strain a cry of disappointment.

Sarcany and Zirone followed it with In the flight of the bird there was no hesitation. He went straight to his

old graveyard. Sarcany and his companion watched it with the most anxious attention. They asked themselves if it was going beyond the town-and then all their scheming would come to naught.

It did nothing of the sort. "I see it! I see it all the time " mid What you have to look for," said Sareany, "is where it stops, so as to fix

A few minutes after its departure the pigeon settled on a house with one The characters told him nothing, and tall gable rising above the rest in the Sarcany, who was at first much disap- midst of a clump of trees in that part of pointed, stood perplexed. Did the let- the town near the hospital and public ter contain any important news, and garden. Then it disappeared into a above all, was it of a compromising dormer window opening on the mansard, nature? Evidently these precautions which was surmounted by a weather had been taken to prevent its being read vane of wrought iron that ought to have

The general direction being ascertained it would not be very difficult to find the weather vane and gable and window, and, in short, the house inhabited by the person for whom the cryptogram was intended.

Sarcany and Zirone immediately made their way down the tower and down the hill and along the roads heading to the Piazza della Legna. There they had to lay their course so us to reach the group of houses forming the

When they reached the junction of two main roads the Corsa Stadion leading to the public garden and the Acquedotto, a fine avenue of trees leading to the large brewery of Boschetto, the adventurers were in some doubt as to the true direction. Should they take the right or the left? Instinctively they turned to the right intending to examine one after the other every house along the avenue above which they had noted the vane among the trees.

They went along in this manner, inspecting in their turn every gable and roof along the Aequedotto, but they found nothing like the one they sought. At last they reached the end.

"There it is!" exclaimed Zirone. And there was the weather same swinging slowly on its iron spiratic threater using sunper to above a dormer window around which were several pigeons

There was no mistake. It was the identical house in which the pigeon had The house was of modest exterior, and

formed one of the block at the beginning of the Acquedotto. Sarcany made inquiries at the neighboring shops and learned all be wished

to know.

The house for many years had belonged and been inhabited by Count Ladislas Zathmar. "Who is Count Zathmar?" asked

nothing. "He is the Count Zathmar!" an-"But perhaps #

him-" 'Later on, Zirone; there's no hurry! Take it coolly, and now to our hotel! "Yes, it is dinner-time for those who have got something to dine on !" said

Zirone bitterly. "If we do not dine to-day, it is possible that we shall dine to-morrow," an-

With whom?" Who knows? Perhaps with Count They walked along quietly-why

should they hurry? and soon reaches. their modest hotel, still much too rice for them, seeing they could not pay their bill. What a surprise was in store for

to Sarany

Trieste.

The letter contained a note for 200 florins and these words-nothing more: Enclosed is the last money you will get from me. It is enough to pay your passage to Sicily. Go and let me hear no more of you. SHAS TORONTHAL "Capital!" exclaimed Zirone; "the

banker thinks better of it just in time.

Assuredly we need never despair of those financial folks!" "That is what I say," said Sareany. "And the coin will do for us to leave

"No! we'll stop here!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

those for women being smaller than

those for men. They are produced in

silk, both Chinese and Indian, as well

as in English: of cambric, cotton and

and others for the neck.

ed borders in various designs.

Handkerchiefs were wrought

-Dorona Magazine.

God love me?"

"Y-y-yes,"

next pointed inquiry.

"Yes," she answered.

"Will you mally me?"

"Do you love me?"

With names and true-love knots.

Elizabeth.

the Indian export trade. Trimmings

of lace applied to handkerchiefs came

first into fashion in the reign of Queen

- Friar Bacon's Prophesie, A. D. 1604.

Spotted with strawberries in your wife's hand!

A Practical Application of the Idea.

well as one of the brightest and pret-

tiest of teachers was attempting in a

Brooklyn school recently to inculcate

upon the heathen mind of a sleek

looking Mongolian the lesson of h -

The Chinaman looked meekly up

"Do you love everyone?" was the

There was no direct answer to this

question, but the teacher has since

changed her pupil for a Chinaman of

ess logical turn of mind. - New York

There are 5,000 white and 98,000 colored

Baptists in Mussissippi, and about 1,700 pupils

attending Buptist schools and colleges.

into her face and quietly asked: "Does

"Yes," the young lady replied.

ity toward all. "God loves everyone."

One of the most conscientious as

regetable tonies, quiekly and completely Curve Dysnepsha, Indigestion, Wrakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevera and Neuralgio.

It is an unformer remedy for Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver.

It is invariable for Diseases peculiar to Handkerchiefs. A handkerchief was the square of Address and Liver.

It is humanishe for Disease peculiar to Women, and all who lead acclentary lives.

It does not more the teeth, cause headache, or produce sancipation—acher from sedicars do.

It entirely sancipation—acher from sedicars do.

It entirely and parties the blood, alimitates the appearing and the assimilation of food, relieves Heartharn and Belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.

For Interestitent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, &c., it has no equal.

4.8 The prediction has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wanger. Take no other, as a possible is new XCHESHAL CO. BALTIMORS tine linen formerly employed by women to cover the head, but more recently used in the hand, and not as a covering only. The term handkerchief is not met with earlier than in the fif teenth century, when in the "Wardrobe accounts of Edward IV." we find "V dozen handkerchieffes" and named as having been made by one Alice Shapster, to whom a payment had been made. Modern handkerchiefs are to be had of different dimensions,

## DR. JOHN BULL'S Smith's Tonic Syrup FOR THE CURE OF

FEVER and ACUE

Or CHILLS and FEVER.

muslin; some designed for the pocket AND ALL MALARIAL DISEASES. Some of the Indian silk ones are in The proprietor of this celebrated medicine justly claims for it a superiority over all remedies ever offered to the public for the SAFE, CERTAIN, SPEEDY and PERMANENT ours self-colors, others have patterns upon them and are necessarily of two of Ague and Fever, or Chills and Fever, whethcolors. These are known as bandana er of short or long standing. He refers to the entire Western and Southern country to bear handkerehlefs. Cambric, muslin, cotton and gingham handkerchiefs are to him testimony to the truth of the assertion that in no case whatever will it fail to cure ! the directions are strictly followed and carriebe had with hemstitch or ribbon borout. In a great many cases a single dose has been sufficient for a cure, and whole families have been cured by a single bottle, with aperfect restoration of the general health. It is, however, prudent, and in every case more cerders, and some are more or less embroidered; others have black or color-Bales of collored cotton handkertain to cure, if its use is continued in smaller chiefs are manufactured in this country doses for a week or two after the disease has been checked, more especially in difficult and long-standing cases. Usually this medicine in Oriental colors and designs, so prepared to suit the native taste for will not require any aid to keep the bowels in good order. Should the patient, however, re-

> three or four doses of the Tonic a single dose of KENT'S VEGETABLE FAMILY PILLS will be sufficient. Use no other, DR. JOHN BULL'S SMITH'S TONIC SYRUP,

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